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A
LETTER
FROM
PARIS,

GIVING
An Account of the Horrid Designe
OF
POYSONING

And the
REBELLION threatned in *France*.

The Prince of *Condé*'s retiring from Court,
in Discontent, to *Languedoc* ;

The Imprisonment of *Luxemburgh* ;
And other TRANSACTIONS of the highest importance.

Sent from a French Chevalier, to a Friend in England.

4. Feb. 1679
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DEAR SIR,

THe Devil that hath for some years been so busie with you in *England*, has, it seems, a minde to divert himself now for a while in this Kingdom ; and indeed he has good reason to afford us his Visits : for 'tis thought that never Nation did better serve his Infernal Interests than we have done of late. Our *Fashions* and our *Faith*, the one the Magazine of *Vanity*, the other the Quintessence of
Trea-

Treachery, have been equally destructive to the Repose of *Christendom*. Like *Knights-Errant*, we do our business as much by *Love* as *Arms*, and our *Pistoles* have been more useful than our *Cannons*. 'Tis now a long time since we grasp'd at universal Empire, and by the *Imprudencies* and *Neglects* of our Neighbours, have bidden fair for it; which inevitably destroys and grubs up the Protestant Religion throughout the World. What fatal and miserable Stupidity would it be then in all *Princes* and *States* of that Profession, if they should not speedily and firmly unite to prevent their common Ruine! Nay, I will say more; 'tis the true Interest of his Holiness himself, and the *Roman Clergy*, to curb the growing grandeur of such an haughty Monarch. 'Tis not a Fable of *St. Peters* Delegated power that will keep him in awe, when Master of Europe, who long since ruffled Old *Infatigability*, Hector'd the *Conclave*, and made truckling Rome Erect publickly to his glory, a Pillar of her own Ignomony. When once the Most Christian becomes the Grand Seignieur, poor *Odisebach* must be but his Curate, and all the *Scarlet Colledge* his humble Vassals.

Yet hitherto we have gone on and prospered; for we believe that what others call violence, is but a just Precaution; that Conquerors ought to provide for the future, by destroying whatever may hurt them: That we ought to acknowledge no Law but the Sword; the Appetite of Governing, and the glory to be had of Aggrandizing our selves at the Cost of our Neighbours. That Piety is not a Quality for a Prince, and Pity a Cowardly Virtue, which overthrows a Crown, whose best support we say is Fear, and Impiety its Foundation. That Power gives Right; that Justice is a Phantasm, Reason a Chimera, Marriage, and Vows at Holy Altars, all meer Trifles. The Faith of Treaties an Illusion; Peace but a Bait; Oaths rattles for sucking Politicians, a Trap to catch Cullies with, and a Charm for Fools.

These are the Maxims of our Conduct; nor are we less Tyrannical at home, than injurious abroad. With our Blood and Sweat, we at the same time increase our Task-Masters pride and our own misery. In his Conquests we
do

do not gain *Subjects*, but more *Companions of Slavery*; and do but make our *Chains* more glittering and strong, not at all *lighter* or more *easy*. Our *Princes of the Blood* have been forced to truckle and be observant to the extreme degree of *Adulation*. Our *Ministers of State* meer *sponges*, that first sucked up the *vital Spirits* of the *Commonalty*, and then were squeezed to replenish with ill-gotten *Prey* the *Royal Coffers*. But above all, the poor *Protestants*, whom we nick-name *Hugenotes*, have endured with incredible patience, all kind of severities; had any of them a *Suit in Law*, how just soever his *Cause*, it was thought *Merit* to *Cast* him, meerly for his *Religion*, without the least charge of *Disloyalty* or *Misbehaviour*; they have been made incapable of any *Office* or *Preferment*; their *Academies* destroyed, their *Temples* generally demolished, and all their *Liberties*, both as *Men* and *Christians*, though confirmed by solemn *Edicts*, and repeated *Vows*, *Invaded*, *Abridged*, and *Annihilated*.

Yet notwithstanding all these *Usurpations*, we now begin to hope the day of our *Redemption from Slavery* draws near, and that *Providence* will break those *Chains*, which so long have been preparing for *Christendom*. *Universal Monarchy* hath for some *Ages* been a *Stone*, that hath crushed to pieces all that have attempted it: The *Austrian Family* were long lifting at it: But how strangely were their *Hopes* defeated! And some such *Catastrophe* seems at present to threaten all our *Endeavors*. Our *Babel-builders* are like to be *Confounded* amongst themselves. A most *Hellish Device* is lately *Discovered* of *P-OY-SO-N-I-N-G*, wherein a multitude of *Persons* of the *Highest Quality*, are found to be concerned. Not to tire you with a *List of Ladies Names*, that are none of your *Acquaintance*, and who have followed this horrid *Trade* for many *Years*, whereby *Thousands* in this *City* have been made away: Let it suffice to tell you, that the famous *Luxemburg*, under whom you did such signal *Services*, when lately he was *General of our Army* in *Flanders*, is *Charged as an Accomplice*, and secured; many others are fled, a great *Number* taken into *Custody*:

Nor

Nor can any body here imagine, where the Discovery of the late erected Chamber of Justice will end. This is generally concluded, that Persons of their Quality would never engage in such a matter, without some great Designe, which is supposed to aim at no less than a Revolution of Government. This fills our Councils with astonishment, and what encreases their Fears, is, That 'tis said, The Prince of Conde is retired in discontent into Languedoc, where Thousands make their Applications to him, and put him upon venturing once more at the old Game. So that it is believed, that those mighty Forces, designed for the destruction of our Neighbours, may finde work in our own Bowels, such are our present Apprehensions; but for particulars, it is neither easie nor safe to relate them. When Occurrences grow more ripe and fit to be Communicated, you may expect further Intelligences. In the mean time, may that Adorable Wisdom and Omnipotence, who bringeth Good out of Evil, regulate all things so, as may make most for his own Glory, the Preservation of his People, and the publick Tranquillity of Europe; So prays,

PARIS, February 5.
New Style, 1680.
79.

Sir,

Your most humble Servant,

T. de Hay.

FINIS.